

THE  
RIVER DOVE:

Oct. 19.  
8

A  
LYRIC PASTORAL.

BY  
SAMUEL BENTLEY.

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Surgit, et ætherii spectans orientia Solis  
Lumina, rite cavis undam de flumine palmis  
Sustulit, ac tales effundit ad æthera voces——

Qualis speluncâ subito commota columba,  
Cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,  
Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis  
Dat tecto ingentem: mox aëre lapsa quieto,  
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.

VIRGIL.

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L O N D O N :

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## The River *D O V E*.

**T**O compass a Theme for my Muse,  
What need a wide Distance to roam,  
But sing the fine Landships and Views,  
And rural gay Scenes about Home:  
Near *Dove's* azure Stream is my Cot,  
All over the Meads how I rove!  
Contented and pleas'd with my Lot,  
And soft, play my Pipe in the Grove.

Oh! Pastoral Muse, aid the Lay,  
Invok'd by a Pastoral Swain,  
With Notes wild as those from the Spray,  
And sweet, as the *Mantuan* Strain;  
Of *Dove* and it's Banks be my Song:  
There *Flora* bedecks the gay Mead,  
Uniting its Borders along,  
The Beauties of *Arno* and *Tweed*.

A

Say,

Say, Muse, where the *Dove* has its Source;  
 The Grotto, where pure it abides,  
 Where, sweetly meanders its Course,  
 How swift thro' the Vallies it glides;  
 Look yonder among the *Peak Hills*,  
 Rich Marbles and Ores are it's Bed;  
 Thence bursting, it tinkles in Rills,  
 And raises it's crySTALLINE Head.

But who can the Wonders disclose;  
 Or Beauties of *Dove-dale* display;  
 It's grand Amphitheatre shews,  
 The horrid, romantic, and gay:  
 How finely contrasted the Flocks!  
 All o'er the high Cliffs as they climb,  
 The Verdure, Cascades, and rough Rocks,  
 That seem as co-eval with Time.

Yet

3



Yet here, tho' amusing the Sight,  
 With Tears the poor Dean I will mourn \*;  
 Who climb'd up this steep, dizzy Height,  
 By Ways he cou'd never return :  
 Ah! why did you ride up so high?  
 From whence all unheard sing the Birds,  
 Conduct a fair Lady : Ah, why !  
 Where scarce is a Path for the Herds?

How shriek'd the hoarse Ravens a Knell !  
 When vain, and quite useless the Rein,  
 All headlong together down fell,  
 The Horse, the poor Lady, and Dean :  
 The Lady, by lace-braided Hair  
 Entangl'd in Brambles was found,  
 Suspended unhurt in mid-air ;  
 The Dean met his Death with the Ground.

A 2

Now

\* The Reverend Dean *Langton* and Miss *La Roache*, who were on a Visit at *Wenman Coke's*, Esq; at *Longford*, and went to entertain themselves with a Sight of *Dove-dale*, where the Dean was unfortunately killed with attempting to reach the Top of one of the Rocks, with the Lady on the same Horse; the Lady was saved, by the Hair of her Head being entangled in some Bushes.

Now swift the *Dove's* Stream I'll pursue,  
 And haste to the *Okeover* Shades †;  
 There stop—and with Rapture review  
 The Picture in yon Colonades;  
 What Eye, cou'd those Eyes see to draw,  
 So beaming, so placid, and mild,  
 The Deity there with what Awe!  
 Informs the blest'd Face of a Child.

Ah me! see the Virgin's fine Form,  
 As breathing, and seeming to move!  
 Her rose-blushing Cheek, as if warm,  
 And fair, as the feign'd Queen of Love:  
 Such life-giving Tints ne'er cou'd glow,  
 Till *Raphael* his Pencil employ'd;  
 The Pencil, such Grace to bestow,  
 Sure *Raphael* the Angel must guide.

Now

† *Okeover*; the Seat of the late *Leake Okeover*, Esq; where there is a most  
 inestimable original Painting of the *Holy Family* by *Raphael*.



Now rapid *Dove* glides thro' the Glade,  
 To *Granville's* serene Sylvan Groves †,  
 Irriguous thro' the deep Shade,  
 And Violet Borders it roves :  
 There sweet-smelling Shrubs are entwin'd  
 Round Temples, Pavilions and Grots,  
 The Zephyrs from Sweets so combin'd,  
 Waft Odours to neighbouring Cots.

But hush! what a Concert I hear!  
 Those Birds how they warble and sing!  
 While aiding to ravish the Ear,  
 Soft touch'd is the Lyrichord String;  
 The Wood-pidgeons cooing Love-moans!  
 Bees murmur—deep answering all  
 The *Dove* is here taught, down the Stones,  
 In Bais so melodious to fall.

Now

† *Calwich* : The Seat of *Barnard Granville, Esq*; the Gardens very beautiful.  
 with Temples, Grots, &c. in one of the Grottos is an Aviary.

Now *Norbury* nods high in Air †,  
 All Gothic and full to the Sight;  
 I must to its Turret repair,  
 And Windows so Story-bedight:  
 Extinctur'd, Devotion to aid  
 Ascending the Godhead is view'd;  
 And bead-telling Monks here display'd,  
 The Relicks, the Shrine, and the Rood.

A Pile now attracts ev'ry Eye \*,  
 Where yonder green Avenue leads,  
 The Banks of the River fast by,  
 And heads the *Cottonian* Meads:  
 All sporting the Naiads about,  
 Around the fair Mansion are seen;  
 It's Owner, his Taste shews without,  
 The Pomp of the East is within.

From

† *Norbury*: A remarkable Place in the Times of Popery; and still so, for its lofty Situation over the *Dove*, and the curious painted Glass in the Church.

\* *Crakemarsh*: The Seat of the Reverend Dr. *Cotton*.



From hence, see a Grove of old Trees ‡,  
 In Shade above Shade, o'er the *Dove*,  
 O'erhanging the Bank in Degrees,  
 With Woodbines high flaunting enwove;  
 Embosom'd there *Eaton* I see,  
 An ivy-crown'd, gloomy Retreat,  
 Appearing Enchantment to be,  
 Or antient Knight-errantry Seat.

To thee, Oh! *Toot-hill*, now I go †;  
 What Landskips and Prospects are thine!  
 The Current, how winding below!  
 In mazy and beautiful Line;  
 The Uplands, all waving with Corn;  
 On Herds, and on Flocks, I look down;  
 The Picture still more to adorn,  
 See Steeples, see Cots, and a Town.

New

‡ *Eaton*: An old romantic Seat belonging to *Godfrey Clark, Esq.*; now uninhabited; but is a most noble Object to the Gardens at *Crakemarsh*.

† *Toot-hill*: A remarkable Eminence on the very Summit of the high Wood near *Uttoxeter*, supposed to be one of the old *Roman Tumuli*; this Spot commands a most beautiful and extensive Prospect.

New Pleasures each Way as I look,  
 With sweetest Variety charm;  
 The Angler there plys the fly Hook;  
 Here, Beauty my Breast to alarm:  
 There, heard is the love-ditty'd Strain;  
 Here, tofs Lads and Lasses the Hay;  
 There, Milk-maids so neat trip the Plain,  
 And harmless the Lambs skip and play.

That Cell, where the Bank flow doth bend \*,  
 Was *Malbon's* the learn'd, and the sage,  
 My Teacher, *Mecænas*, and Friend,  
 With Pleasantry temper'd with Age:  
 The Buildings beyond, how they shew!  
 The Woods and fair Pastures between;  
 Far distant as Vision can go,  
 High *Weever* back-grounds the gay Scene †.

Nor

\* The Reverend Mr. *Malbon's* House, the late Vicar of *Uttoxeter*.

† *Weever*: A Range of high Hills in *Staffordshire*.



Nor wants here the Winter it's Joys ;  
 That Greyhound, how swift he can run !  
 The Partridge, here oft as it flies,  
 The Sportsman brings down with his Gun :  
 There Cricket a Party employs,  
 High soaring aloft goes the Ball ;  
 That Youth, what Activity tries !  
 To catch it ere down it may fall.

Now jovial the Chace meets my Ear ;  
 Thro' *Needwood* the Horn chearly sounds † ;  
 While each under each, deep and clear,  
 All open the mellow-mouth'd Hounds ;  
 Hark, Tally-ho ! rings thro' the Throng,  
 Swift flying o'er Hill, Dale, and Flood ;  
 And Echo, the loud-cracking Thong,  
 Retwangs, and prolongs, thro' the Wood.

B

Con-

† *Needwood*: A Forest in *Staffordshire*, belonging to the Crown.

Conduct me now, Muse, o'er the Bridge,  
 To sit in yon House on the Hill †;  
 Where slopes the green Bank from it's Ridge,  
 And opens a View to the Mill:  
 From yon liquid Mirrour above,  
 The foaming Cascade is down roll'd;  
 And *Cuthbert's* old Well's in that Grove,  
 It's Fishes refulgent with Gold.

As down the sweet Margin I stray,  
 That winds with the swift-gliding Stream,  
 With Beauty resplendent, and gay,  
 Yon Dome shall ascend in my Theme \*;  
 Oh, Muse! higher Harmony bring,  
 Of *Sudbury*, loftily tell;  
 A *Vernon*, and Lady, now sing,  
 Where Greatness and Goodness excell.

The

† The House belonging to the Reverend Mr. *Fitzherbert*, at *Doveridge* in *Derbyshire*.

\* *Sudbury*: The Seat of the Right Honourable Lord *Vernon*, in a most delightful Situation, and the Park and Gardens laid out with great Taste and Elegance.



The Structure's majestic and grand ;  
 It's Lord is both noble and kind ;  
 It's Lady Respect may command,  
 With Freedom and Dignity join'd :  
 One View shews a Park and it's Deer,  
 With Buildings antique, and a Cave ;  
 A Lawn in that View will appear,  
 And verdant a Shrubbery wave.

How glassy, and smooth, the broad Lake !  
 Where stately the Swans row their Pride ;  
 Where changeable Gloss shews the Drake ;  
 Where Arches elliptic bestride :  
 The Walks thro' the Woods, to and fro,  
 All serpentine turn to the Bow'rs ;  
 The Fruits, as in *Eden*, here shew,  
 Emparadis'd there are the Flow'rs.

Here Vines their ripe Clusters bestow,  
 There, Fragrance the Strawberry sheds ;  
 Ambrosial Ananas there grow,  
 Like Gold, their imperial Heads :  
 Here Roses bespangled with Dew,  
 Here Hyacinths blush in gay Dyes,  
 Auriculas here, of each Hue,  
 Enamell'd all quaintly their Eyes.

Omnipotence high to adore,  
 The Mattins due Service now calls ;  
 Where solemn, thro' Shade hanging o'er,  
 The Church shews it's old hallow'd Walls :  
 There joining the Organ and Choir,  
 My Praises as Incense shall rise,  
 Good *Addenbrook* Warmth will inspire †,  
 And lecture on Heavenly Joys.

Sweet

† The Reverend Dr. *John Addenbrook*, Dean of *Litchfield*, and Rector of *Sudbury*.



Sweet here is the Day's dewy Prime,  
 And pure it's declining at Eve;  
 So charm'd with the Gay, the Sublime!  
 How yet can I *Sudbury* leave?  
 Enamour'd the *Dove* with the View,  
 Runs flow and reluctant away;  
 And murmurs a plaintive Adieu,  
 As seeming it's Course to delay.

Thro' Willows impending a Shade,  
 The River now drives on it's Waves;  
 Where hoary with Honours decay'd,  
 A Castle's huge Basis it laves †:  
 'Twas here *John* of *Gaunt* kept his Court,  
 As *Tutbury*'s Legends unfold;  
 And Chivalry honour'd the Fort,  
 In festive high Tournaments bold.

Those

† *Tutbury*: Where are some fine Remains of a Castle, on the Top of an high Hill, upon the Bank of the *Dove*, antiently belonging to *John* of *Gaunt*, first Duke of *Lancaster*; but now in the Possession of the Right Honourable Lord *Vernon*, who has repaired one of the Towers. At this Place there is still a Custom, to turn out a wild Bull to be beat with Sticks by the Populace annually; by which Custom very considerable Estates, granted from the Crown, are held.

Those Battlements mounted on high,  
 The Skill of old Masonry shew,  
 Secure from the Frauds of the Spy,  
 Or Storms from the armour-clad Foe:  
 Here sturdy wild Bulls to engage,  
 Nobility us'd to resort;  
 Still yearly, to popular Rage,  
 A sacrific'd Bull is the Sport.

Now *Dove* end thy Course here below,  
 And mix other Waters among;  
 But long as thy Fountain shall flow,  
 So long shalt thou flow in my Song:  
 Cease, cease, Oh, lov'd Muse! the soft Lay;  
 And cease, Oh, fair *Dove*! thy soft Name;  
 Along with the *Trent* roll thy Way,  
 The Muse has recorded thy Fame.

F I N I S.



